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All For Thy Happy Day

ALL FOR THY HAPPY DAY.

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HAPPY birds, happy birds,
Sing your sweetest now;
Snowdrops lightly tip the dew
From each pearly brow;
Steal a gleam of sunlight
To rim you 'round to-day,
And while the birds are caroling,
Make loveliest array.

HAPPY beams, happy beams,
Golden from the sun,
Smile upon the flowers fair,
Gild them every one;
And warm the little songsters,
Till each responsive breast
Pours forth its wealth of melody
In golden song expressed.

HAPPY breeze, happy breeze,
Singing on your way,
Gather all your flower sweets
And fling them wide to-day;
Catch the song of silver rill,
The bluebirds note on high,
And swell them till the soft refrain
Fill the morning sky.

HAPPY day, happy day,
For the sunlight's grace,
The merry birds, and dainty flowers
With such joyous face;
Happy for the breeze that blows
Its perfume o'er the lea,
But happiest that all for thee
This happy day shall be.

ANNIE C. McQUEEN.

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